

# Will Rogers Says:



Old McInyre is always writing about his "strolling." Well, you are not a "stroller." I think you might call a mighty "stroller." The feet are bad, the legs are worse, so I take it out in riding. So with all due respect to Old this is "Thoughts on Flying."

Now here a week or so back I went out to the flying field at mid-land in Los Angeles to catch the train for Seattle. You see day or night means nothing to 'em now, the courses all lighted they are the same as in the night time the same as in the day. Bill, that's his name, and his Mother were on a little airplane with Wiley Post, and my wife knew it was with a pilot in a matter where it was going and she was mighty about it.

Well, she is about everything, she can't live with a comedian long without being mighty forgetting. More than a couple of years or more she had seen me off to Vancouver to catch a boat to go to Japan-Manchurian War, and she is on around the world and she is in Geneva Switzerland at

one those Disarmament Conferences where I used to always go for my amusement. Then around South America on 21 thousand miles jaunt one time, and by the way she is no mean aviation enthusiast herself. She will make all the short trips with you. In fact she was flying the next night after I left on this trip clear back to New York and to Maine to see my Mary.

But this has nothing to do with "Air Strolling" as I haven't started strolling yet. Pretty night, nice stars, I dropped off in Frisco to tend to some business early the next morning and caught a plane out of there at eleven the next morning, and then to Seattle at five in the afternoon. That's a pretty trip. The pilots in the big Boeing just scraped Mt. Shasta. Snow all over the old ant hill. We flew right up and over what I think they call the Redwood Highway. Lots of pretty little towns nestled back in little valleys and canyons. First stop out of Sacramento was Medford Oregon, where a few days before some ambitious reporter had sent out a U. P. Dispatch that he had seen Wiley Post and I flying over there when we were at that time crossing Arizona. So this time he is liable to report that I arrived there by horse and buggy.

Say there is some Mountains over that route. South of Medford, north of Medford, that's the town where they raise the fine pears. I was forced down there on my previous flight to Vancouver and they kept

# David Warren

INSTALLMENT LXXXVIII

Rev. Mr. Waldow never missed accepting an invitation from his senior pastor, Dr. Berrill, to visit him in his study at the church. So when evening came he was there very promptly. "Now," began the Doctor, "shall we go on with our consideration of the devil which we were doing this afternoon?" The young minister agreed. "Then let us consider," the Doctor continued, "whom this personage, the devil is, if he really does exist we should know something of his method of operation, have some data as to his history, what our relations to him may be, and so on. And many other equally important questions could be asked. It is hardly enough to make just a plain statement that there is a devil and he does so and so without some semblance of accurate authority for making such statements."

"Possibly Milton, the poet, has done more to color the minds of people as well as religious dogmas than we realize. In his great poem on Paradise he seems to have taken too literally the passages in the Revelation which we considered this afternoon and found, according to the same Revelation, have not yet come to pass but were prophetic of things still future. No one for moment will think Milton was inspired according to the general acceptance of the term. But with keen imagination he ventures into realms of fancy that appeals to religionists of the Christian faith and many of them accept it as truth. According to him, the devil was an archangel once in heaven. He does not say where heaven is or was at that time. That he had a sort of company or colony of angels in this heaven and they rebelled for some reason. Then after a terrific battle or struggle with the Almighty he and his hosts were beaten, defeated and cast out of heaven into a dark abyss or pit where he keeps up his opposition to the Almighty through pestering, tempting and otherwise interfering with the rightful activities of the human race. Why, Ernest, just as you have told me that Dr. Chambers showed you that people at the time when Jesus was on earth believed that devils entered people causing them to have various diseases, and even Jesus believed this, if the records are correct, so people now believe that devils roam around among us. But none of us who have any grasp of the Christian religion or have any ordinary education."

"Milton in his poem seems to have gotten much chronology and pedigree and even history for this devil of which he writes. But who in this enlightened age is willing to take Milton's word for all this? Should we ask for scriptural evidence to support Milton's description we will be given various parts of the Bible which to a casual reader will furnish a certain support for it. But when these passages are considered with their context they present a very different view. Some time I shall be glad to consider these with you."

"Now let us refer to that great struggle or war, or rebellion, or uprising or what ever you want to call it that took place in heaven. People do not analyze sufficiently what they read in scripture. They just read it assuming it is true. But here are few very honest questions that may very appropriately and honestly and reverently be asked. These spiritual beings engaged in warfare will be considered immortal. That is not subject to death, at least not at that time. As such there could be no deaths in the conflict. Were there any wounded? If so in what way and how were they cared for? Then if no wounded nor deaths how was the victory determined? How or by what means were the devil and angels subject to him driven out? Were they just shoved out by sheer force? These, Ernest, are very logical questions. Can you answer them?"

The young minister was becoming more and more amazed at the Doctor's logical reasoning. Here the Doctor reached to one of his shelves and taking a little book said: "Now let me read you something from ancient mythology that may interest you. According to Greek and Roman Mythology, before the existence of the earth matter was in a formless state, Chaos, sometimes regarded as a distinct deity, who had for his consort Nyx or Night. And this goddess afterwards became the mother of every divinity whose origin was shrouded in uncertainty or darkness. Now let me read: 'Under Chaos all was gloom and darkness until his son Erebus usurped the throne and married his own mother Nyx. They had two children, Aether, (light) and Hemera, (day), who in their turn dethroned their parents and ruled in their stead.' Their children aided them in the creation of Gaia, (Earth). There is another account in which Nyx appears as a great bird who laid an egg from the shell of which arose Gaia, (Earth), and Uranus, (Heaven). Uranus and Gaia drove out Aether and Hemera. The new rulers had several children, gigantic in stature and strength, known as the Titans and in turn the titans children were called Titans also. Among these were several sons, later important. . . Uranus so feared his unruly offspring that he imprisoned them in caves of Tartarus, beneath the earth. . . And so we may read on similarly about other sons and monsters who were also assigned to Tartarus. Three of these sons were called Cottus, (Eruption), Brontes, (Hurricane), and Gyes, (Earthquake). I mention these to show you how this conception came from natural elements."

"Gaia, mother-earth, objected to such harsh treatment of her children, but getting no satisfaction from their father she sought to incite them to rebellion. None but Saturn, (Cronus, or Time), could be persuaded and he finally accepted a scythe as a weapon and attacked Uranus the father. The father was severely wounded and some of his blood caught by Gaia, later developed into three furies. "And so we could go on. Now I have cited this, Ernest, merely to show you the fanciful ideas of mythology and if you will read again the account of the war in heaven both in the Revelation and in Milton's poem you will see how closely they are related to the mythical."

"Then here is another important matter. Bible authorities place the writing of the Revelation about 96 A. D., nearly 100 years after Jesus. The revelation itself says Chapt. I: 1: 'The Revelation of Jesus Christ. . . to show unto his servants THINGS WHICH MUST SHORTLY COME TO PASS.' And in the first verse of the fourth chapter we have further confirmation of this which says: 'the first voice which I heard was as it were a trumpet talking with me; which said, come up hither, and I will show thee things WHICH MUST BE HEREFTER.' Now the situation is this, this war in heaven is still future. The devil is not yet cast out into the earth or anywhere else, yet people have believed in devils from the earliest times and Jesus believed in them when here and that they entered into people to give them diseases. Now Ernest what do you think about it? Come to-morrow and we'll look into some of the other references."

(Another Installment Will Appear Next Week.)

others arrived on the scene, he did not have a chance to get back to his clothes so he hid in the swamp and played hide and seek with the searching party, just keeping out of their sight. On Monday afternoon, after the others had gone, when he saw Mary Wilma and I on the bridge, he hurriedly stuffed several strips of cloth into his mouth, tied his handkerchief around his neck just tight enough to permit him to breathe and then moaned and groaned as loudly as he could, thinking that Mary Wilma would rush to him. Instead, she ran for help, and some of the boys in the neighborhood were the first to reach him. If he had been trying to commit suicide, he had nearly two days and a night to do it in, and he certainly didn't try very hard.

"As for the last attempt, he knew that what he was drinking was a creosote dip and not carbolic acid and he was careful not to swallow enough to do any serious damage. "All his so-called suicide attempts were prompted by jealousy and a desire to make Mary Wilma love and marry him."

No Gold-Digger  
Declaring that Mansfield's statement to the effect that Mary Wilma was a gold-digger were "ridiculous," Mrs. Farmer said she defies him to prove that he sent Mary Wilma money while he was working in Norfolk or that he bought her graduation clothes.

"I gave Mary Wilma the money for her graduation clothes," said Mrs. Farmer, "and she bought them in Norfolk when she went there to spend the Easter holidays with relatives. She did not go there to see Richard Mansfield and did not see

# Heard and Seen on Main Street

I was stretched out in a barber shop the other day when a shoe salesman stationed himself beside the chair and opened up his sales talk.

"The feet," he said, "are among the most important parts of the body. Did you know that dozens of ailments, including headaches, neuritis, rheumatism and others too numerous to mention are caused by a lack of attention to your feet. A comfortable pair of shoes mean the difference between misery and happiness. The feet should never be neglected." And so forth and so on.

About that time the shine boy came back to the chair with my shoes, which he had removed in order to facilitate the job of shining them.

Whereupon the salesman's eyes popped.

"You know what?" he said. "I guess you thought I was crazy standing here spilling my sales talk to you as I did, but the truth of the matter is that I saw you in your stocking feet and thought perhaps your feet were sore and aching, and I thought you were a good prospect for a pair of comfortable shoes."

He came from the Rocky Hock section with a load of watermelons. He stopped alongside the curb down by the city market. He had ridden a long ways and he felt the urge

Squirring and twisting, the stranger said, "will you come back upstairs with me and show me where the garden-house is; I can't find it." Mr. White turned, red in the face and he opened his mouth, probably to bawl the man out. But he didn't he only said: "I am sorry, pardner; I took you to the garden-house, showed it to you and did everything I could for you. That's all I can do."

"He probably thought the com-mode was a butter-churn," says Mr. White.

They tell me a certain well-known grocerman who has built up a good business on the edge of town, has now gone in for the sale of A. B. C. liquor.

Old Jealousy  
"I am the recipient of attention of which I feel unworthy," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown. "My neighbor, Hi Hat, spends time and money in order to strut where I may admire him."

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# Mrs. Farmer

(Continued from Page One)

strychnine but were filled with soda. This proved to us that he was merely being dramatic and trying to frighten Mary Wilma into marrying him.

"This caused Mary Wilma to decide definitely that she could not marry Richard. She knew she could never be happy with a person so insanely jealous. So she broke the news to him as gently as she could. Then he came to the house and got all the presents he had given her, including the ring. And it was only a few hours after he had left the house with these things that his clothes were found on the bridge."

"That so-called suicide attempt was another of his hoaxes. Why did he remove his clothing if he was trying to kill himself? And why was it that scores of searchers could not find him in more than 24 hours of intensive searching when he was finally found almost in plain sight of the bridge? The doctor who examined him said the handkerchief had not been tied around his neck five minutes before he was found. After others had given up the search, Mary Wilma and I happened to walk down to the bridge. She heard Richard moan, and some boys in the vicinity quickly located him. We are satisfied that he had no intention of killing himself and that he was faking for Mary Wilma's benefit."

"When he left the house in a despondent mood and headed for the creek, he thought Mary Wilma would follow him and find his clothes on the bridge. Then, when she ran back for help he made his way to the State Highway and catch a bus for Norfolk. But from the time his clothes were discovered until

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